

Volume 1.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

Number 1.



Dyna Beumer.

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THE MUSICAL NEWS.

A Monthly Musical Journal.

VOLUME I.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

NUMBER I.

The Musical Mews.

A MUSICAL JOURNAL, PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Subscription Price, \$1.50 Per Year, payable in advance.

Two Subscriptions, or two years in advance, \$1.35 each.
Three Subscriptions, or three years in advance, 1.30 each.
Single copy, . 15 cents.
Foreign postage, 48 cents.

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At Home.

The MUSICAL NEWS will be the friend and counselor of the teacher.

We need and *must have* a concert hall, seating about 2,200 people, with good accoustics, and containing an organ.

A concert hall where our orchestra can be properly heard will give a *new* impetus to things musical.

With the proper kind of a hall—not too large and still large enough to contain a paying audience—a larger number of foreign artists would visit us, and consequently our opportunities for hearing great performances would be increased.

With returning prosperity, musical matters will take on new activity. All classes will be more prone to spend money for instruction or concert tickets, and, no doubt, things will look more cheerful in a few months from now.

Why do we hear so little of the Liederkranz now-a-days? It certainly is not because it has lost prestige. We think it is entirely too exclusive by admitting only its own members to its concerts. Why not give a couple of concerts in Music Hall, so that the public may hear some sturdy composition for male chorus, with orchestra?

The president of the Liederkranz, Mr. J. H. A. Meyer, is one of those rare combinations—a successful merchant and an intelligent and enthusiastic amateur of music. He is as capable as the head of a large business house as he is in playing his part in the interpretation of a Beethoven or Brahms symphony arranged for eight hands.

Mr. Rudolph Schmitz, of the wholesale firm of Schmitz & Schroeder, is another merchantmusician belonging to the same class. Would that we had more like these gentlemen.

This class of *male amateur* does not seem to grow very frequently in the West. We certainly have a number of men, who are devoted to the best and highest in music, and who have for years given money and time for the advancement of the art. This is all the more meritorious, because they are, in a measure, pioneers. There are others, however, and

alas! they are very numerous, who, mentally incapable of grasping or appreciating the significance and grandeur of an oratorio, a cantata or a symphony, reject all these forms, assume an air of superiority towards those who are simple enough to hold that Beethoven and Handel were greater minds, and consequently created greater things, than Franz Abt and Ethelbert Nevin. These people, who sneer at Haydn, Beethoven and Wagner, will stand up before a fashionably dressed audience and sing nursery rhymes with all seriousness. The worst offenders in this regard are generally tenors.

With the gradual growth of musical intelligence this genus is bound soon to disappear from our musical arena, and the *n usically* serious and intelligent amateur will take the place of the devotee of the musical nursery.

This does not mean that nursery rhymes are not legitimate. On the contrary, they serve a very excellent purpose: that of instilling ideas into the infants' young minds more effectually and pleasantly by giving them tune and rhythm. The infant's diminutive mental capacity needs to have ideas presented to it in this striking and attractive form to aid it in absorbing them. But all things in their proper place.

The MUSICAL NEWS thinks that St. Louis is on the eve of a genuine revival in the divine art, and we shall certainly do our share towards helping it along.

* * *

MUSICAL NEWS.

MASCAGNI, the composer of Cavaleria Rusticana, intends to make a tournee next winter through Germany, beginning with Stuttgart.

ALBERT LESTER KING, the well-known tenor and teacher of vocal music, died Aug. 20th, at his residence, 216 West 15th Street, New York. Mr. King's specialty was oratorio and church music, and in this he had achieved a high reputation. He was a successful teacher, and the careers of many of his pupils have given evidence of the value of his instruction.

JACOB KEUTER has composed a very beautiful quartette for first and second violins, flute and violoncello, called "The Angel's Song."

Mr. Armin W. Doerner, who for a long time has been connected with the faculty and piano department of the College of Music, of Cincinnati, will on September 1st open a piano school of his own in the Methodist Book Concern Building, 222 W. Fourth Street.

VICTOR THRANE, the well-known impressario, has returned to New York from the West.

MESSRS. EDWARD EBERT-BUCHHEIN, and PAUL HAASE, two excellent artists and teachers for the respective branches of piano and voice, have been engaged for the Cincinnati College of Music by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken while on his recent trip to Europe.

MARIE LOUISE TODD, the pianist, is spending a few weeks as the guest of her friend, Miss Carrie White, of Menando, near Albany.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, the well-known writer, critic and lecturer on musical matters, will be in St. Louis about the middle of October, for the purpose of holding a Teachers' Class in Technic (the Mason Method) and Interpretation.

* * * The Piano Teacher's Mission.

The Musical News would like to see every department of musical life in St. Louis active and flourishing. It would like to see—and hear—a series of great choral works performed by a massive, vigorous and sonorous chorus, supported by a good and thoroughly drilled orchestra.

It would also like to listen to a course of symphony concerts, say six or eight during the season, with a well constructed program, a first-rate solo artist to lend variety, performed by our home orchestra after at least four or five thorough, *honest* rehearsals.

It may not seem so at a first glance, but it is none the less true that the possibility of having these concerts, representing the highest forms and denoting real musical culture in a community, depends largely on our teachers of piano playing. It is they who form the taste of our youths, and the youths of today are the concert goers of tomorrow. The piano teacher, by giving the right direction to the taste of the child, by leading it from the lower to the higher, from the simpler to the more complex, but always within the range of the healthful and the noble, creates a constantly growing appetite for higher musical creations and an ever increasing aversion to the inferior and the common.

The right kind of influence of five hundred thoroughly conscientious piano teachers will make a community musical in the proper sense of the word. They are a greater power for good than they are generally credited with being.

Never criticise a master's work after the performance of a scholar, because it is although good, always imperfect.—RUBINSTEIN.

There was a time when the world only had small and uncomfortable theatres and concert halls, but had great and refined artists.

Now we have finely decorated and grand theatres and concert halls, but insignificant artists.—Rubinstein.

THE MUSICAL NEWS

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our summer gardens, with their beer and minstrels, have been exceedingly well attended. How about the coming season's concerts? Will they also be well attended, or is it really true that St. Louis is "only good for circus and minstrel shows?"

St. Louis, with its 600,000 inhabitants, ought surely to be able to support a permanent orchestra; only a few thousand dollars are needed to make it a success. It rests with you whether St. Louis shall be counted among the leading musical centres or not.

THE MUSICAL NEWS will stand up for good music, the furthering of musical taste and interests; will be a support to the music teachers, a help to the struggling artist, and, we hope, a welcome guest in every home.

The trouble with a great many parents who complain because their children cannot play well, though they have taken lessons "two years," is generally to be found with them-selves. They insist upon the teacher making "Emily play pieces," mostly too difficult to be learned well, the result is that poor "Emily" cannot play anything the way it ought to be played, but is able to dash off a lot of notes, without caring for time, rhythme or phrasing. Why not go at it the right way: select a good piano, keep it in tune; engage a good teacher, the best is the cheapest, and leave everything to him or her. He has studied for years with a view of imparting his knowledge to others, and knows best what music to select for your child. Your duty will be to see that his instructions as regards practicing, etc. are followed by the pupil, and if the latter has the ability, you will not fail to see the good

An artist who always moves in the same style and groove becomes in the end a pedant and mannerist; and nothing does him more harm than to content himself too long with a given style, simply because it is convenient.—Schumann.

Recently a pupil of mine was having some difficulty in learning a piece of Merkel's. Her father called upon me and wanted to know "why I did not learn her the piece he bought her last month." He had heard Paderewski play Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsodie, and then bought it for his fifteen-year-old daughter, who has taken lessons about two years. When parents make such "impossible" requests, it is hard to set them right, but by a careful talk I generally succeed in getting them to see that my way is best.—Samuel Lawrence.

Young artists of the present day, instead of first digesting Bach and Handel, rather take Beethoven, Schumann and the more modern masters as a starting-point. Alas! they forget how assiduously and thoroughly those later

masters studied the great epochs in the history of music which alone enabled them to produce great works in their turn.—ROBERT FRANZ.

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The Perils of Foreign Vocal Teaching.

Under this heading the following article appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* for August:

"It is frequently said that the shortest way to enter the highest society in America is by way of Europe. However this may be, it is, unfortunately, a fact that Europe is almost the only road to operatic success here. An engagement at some European opera house, and a collection of glowing press clippings, are indispensable; or at the very least, the candidate for home honors must be able to call himself the pupil of some foreign teacher.

It is only fair to say that, in the end, the American audience will reserve the right to indorse or condemn the candidate as it sees fit; but the first audience will hardly be gained without the European introduction. Singers who are thoroughly qualified for the highest honors by tutelage under good masters in this country, find it expedient to go abroad for the prestige which comes of foreign training. Thus it is that the arduous but necessary European pilgrimage for musical students is an event of commercial rather than artistic import.

There are two reasons for deprecating this fact. In the first place, local teachers are reduced to the necessity of teaching rudiments only. In the second place, these foreign teachers, whose reputation is based upon one or two possibly accidental successes with pupils, are patronized and pampered, though their methods may be obsolete or even pernicious. One world-famous European instructor owes her renown to two or three pupils, now great singers, who in private discountenance her doctrines. This same teacher has sent back to America many pupils whose voices have been ruined beyond redemption. Nor is she by any means the only one in Europe whose studio is proving a graveyard of high hopes and well grounded ambitions.

American teachers may be watched and held responsible for their work, and their methods may be judged by the average result shown by their pupils. European mentors are beyond the reach of any such painstaking scrutiny, and thus escape the responsibility for the voices they mar.

The solemnity of this warning is emphasized by the recent publication of a pitiful letter from a young woman whose naturally beautifully voice was ruined, even for speaking, by the methods of a prominent foreign instructor."

For a long time the *Musical Courier* has been fighting all alone against this European training craze, and it is highly gratifying to find that other journals and magazines are taking up the fight also. It is true, as has often been said, that if you want style and finish you must go to Europe. But here lies the point: if you want good training, vocal culture, etc., you will find it right here in America, and at half the cost. We should be glad to have someone who has looked into this matter send us their views, whether *pro* or *con*. Let us throw all the light possible on the subject and then decide for yourself.—Ed.

Artists have a peculiar way of praising their colleagues. For instance: "Do you know Prof. ——?" "Oh, yes; he is a wonderful performer, but on the night he played with me perhaps he was excited, or indisposed." This is the usual way of speaking among singers.—Rubinstein.

Dyna Beumer,

The great Belgian soprano, whose picture we print on the title page of this number, will be with us this season. Few singers have the standing that Mlle. Beumer has in the European artistic world. She is the daughter of Henry Beumer, who for many years has been a master of the violin at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Brussels.

Mlle. Beumer began her studies under Gevaut, the director of the conservatory, and she studied later with Faure, the celebrated French baritone, who had prophesied for her a great future when she sang to him as a young girl. The insignia of an officer of the academy have been bestowed on her by the French government, and she is also cantatrice to the Court of Holland.

Everywhere she is received with the greatest enthusiasm. When she was in London a short time ago, an ovation was tendered her at the Grosvenor Club. The audience was clamerous in its applause, and at the conclusion numbers of people jumped on the stage, eager to shake hands with her.

We take pleasure in printing the following criticisms from the Vieuxtemps Memorial Concert on August 2, at Spa, Belgium:

Dyna Beumer, a singer with supberb art, great facility of execution and delicacy of expression, sang the air from La Belle Arsene, an old opera of the last century. Though the selection cannot be said to suit the voice of the singer, the audience recalled her enthusiastically. At the request of many present, and it is said by special desire of the Queen, Madame Beumer gave as an encore the famous Swiss Echo Song, by Eckert, which, I am sure, was never sung better. Quite an ovation followed, and Madame Beumer bowed her thanks and also her adieux to the public, as she leaves for New York shortly.—The Belgian Times and News, August 5, 1897.

Mme. Dyna Beumer is one of our musical prides. She sings marvelously, and marvelously enchants you with her incomparable marvels. She sang the air of La Belle Arsene, of Monsigny, with an extreme fineness, and The Echos, of Eckert, were given in such a way that cannot be equaled.—Journal des Estranger, August 3, 1897.

Dyna Beumer was wonderfully fine in her rendering of the air from L₄a Belle Arsene of Monsiguy and in The Echoes, that she was compelled to give us an encore.—La Chronique, August 5, 1897.

The Queen conversed for some length of time with Mme. Dyna Beumer, whose voice eternally remains beautiful, pure and incomparable.—L'Express, August 4th, 1897.

Hints for Players.

Richter, Director of Academie de Musique, of Geneva, gives a few desirable hints for players.

If you play chords with both hands at the same time, strike them together, give the exact value to the notes and lift hands together.

You cannot gain the artistic expression without the necessary technic. It is very important and original to play the highest note of the ascending passage with a special accent. In going up, to lose a little of the energy. In going down, play the first and last notes with a kind of Ritardando.

ADAGIO.

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S. 1-5



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S. 2-4





S. 2_4



GLEANINGS.

If the brasses are excluded from the street bands, what is to become of the tone color in their Wagner numbers?

PADEREWSKI'S WAYS.

Paderewski, the pianist, lives like a prince. He insists that the dignity of his position and of his art demands it. He stops at the best hotels and occupies the finest rooms. Something like \$100 a day it costs him for his suite of rooms at his hotel in New York. Generous to a fault, his money lightly earned is freely spent. His fees for service are the despair of other guests at the hotels. His gifts to charity are handsome, whether in money or in the form of concerts, of which he has given several every season when playing in America, some of them entirely at his own expense.

"How soon we are forgotten." I heard a gentleman say last evening that he was driving through the cemetery at Newton past the grave of the late S. F. Smith last Monday, and not a flower or any other momento marked the grave of the author of "America" on the anniversary of the nation's birth day. I doubt if so marked forgetfulness would occur in any other country.

IN THE MUSIC WORLD.

Bernhard Stavenhagen has been appointed director at the Munich Opera House.

The Banda Rossa, under the leadership of Eugenio Sorrentino, will begin its American tour at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York on October 15.

Siegfried Wagner's new comic opera, based on one of Grimm's fairy tales, will probably be produced in London in the course of the coming winter.

The Musical Courier (New York) is responsible for this paragraph: "A literary Bohemian is at work on a great naturalistic novel, says a French paper. 'The Marchioness,' he writes, 'became as white as a shirt.' Glancing that very moment at his own wristbands, he is seized by a scruple, and adds—'whiter even than a shirt.'"

Following is a list of the Victorian Musical Knights: Sir Henry Rowley Bishop was the first in 1842, but the honor of knighthood has been conferred more freely upon musicians towards the end than at the beginning of the reign. August Mannis, the late Henry Weist Hill, and the late W. T. Best are understood to have declined the honor. The list includes: Henry Rowley Bishop, Julius Benedict, Michael Costa, Sterndale Bennett, W. G. Macfarren, George Elvev, Robert Stewart, John Goss, Herbert Oakeley, George Grove, Arthur Sullivan, Walter Parratt, Joseph Barnby, William G. Cusins, John Stainer, A. C. Mackenzie, Charles Halle, George Martin and John Bridge. Of the thirteen, three were of foreign birth, and nine survive.

The examination of the personal luggage of people returning from Europe continues to make trouble. A New York custom house inspector has now uncovered a complete layout of cards and chips in a clergyman's trunk. Such pernicious inquisitiveness is perfectly awful.

Whale (as he finds Jonah in his midst)—Hullo! what are you doing here?

Fonah—Oh! I've just come in out of the wet.

At the vaudeville entertainment for the Poor Fund of Albany, given in that city last week, many well-known artists took part and gave their different specialties. But the hit of the evening was made by Miss Zelma Rawlston, well known for her male impersonations. The two numbers that she sang were received with tremendous applause, and she was compelled to come before the audience many times before they were satisfied.

THE MUSICAL NEWS

One can't help feeling sorry fcr the Goulds, who went over to Paris to have a family gathering, after two years separation, to be left in the lurch with not a single attention shown them by the Castellanes. No sooner does brother George arrive, than off sails the little count and countess on their English yacht, with a party of titled friends, for a cruise round Norway and Sweden. There's gratitude and sisterly love for you! But never mind. As everybody should know by this time, an international marriage means absolute possession of the wife and her chattels, and an absolute wiping out of her family. Jay Gould's daughter is now a Castellane, and don't anyone forget it. Ask brother George to take pot-luck? Not much.

"I dinna like the sermon for three reasons," said the beadle to the new minister. "First, ye read it; second, ye dinna read it well; thirdly, it was na worth readin."

It looks as though the Gould family made a poor speculation when they purchased Count de Castellane for Miss Anna. He does not even have admittance to the best Parisian society, except in a general way, and now it is said that nobody will trust him without an order from his wife.

The instructor of the band of the late Sultan of Zanzibar, in describing how Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay cought on in the island, writes: "A Portuguese of the name of Souza was over in Mozambique and brought back a few copies of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, and banged it out day and night on that awful spinet to his countrymen and Greek friends, who accompanied with their voices. The tune spread like wildfire. The boats from Aden brought it too, till it paralyzed the band, and all Zanzibar became a veritable pandemonium. I could do nothing with the band boys, and in a fit of desperation a week ago lodged a complaint of misconduct to the Vizier, expecting they would only be whipped. But 'His Exaltedness' ordered three of the boys to have their eyes put out, two more were bastinadoed and cannot walk, the solo cornet had his tongue slit, and one of the side drummers' wrists was broken.'

Je Je Je

An Interview with Madame Melba.

Who has not heard of Melba, the Australian Nightingale? She is known all over the world as a famous singer of the greatest ability.

She has her apartments at No. 9 Rue de Prony, Paris. "My most delightful time I spend here," she used to say. And one can believe it too, because her residence is surrounded by costly palaces. Her own palace is beautiful in every particular. She does not know sorrows.

Her rooms are decorated in pink and olive, and these colors are seen in the furniture, carpets, curtains, etc. "Don't you think," the artist said, when I found these colors curious, "that every person is more or less fond of certain colors? It is as if the vibrations of color harmonize with those of our soul. It may be imagined however, but it is the truth in my case, and surely with others too.

Do you remember Sybil Sanderson? Her favorite color was blue, which harmonized beautifully with her blond hair and also her rich and melodious voice.''

The outfit of her rooms was in the style of Marie Antoinette and Josephine. The sleeping apartment was entirely original. It was the same bed where Marie Antoinette had dreamt her dreams. Every piece of furniture

has been used by the royal madame. Next to the bedroom was a cute child's apartment, decorated in white and gold, and little furniture made by an artist's hand.

"This is the room of my son," she says. "Certainly you know that I am married, but it is long ago. You remember that I was a pianist when yet a child. I gave concerts and also lessons. I fell in love, and married. Armstrong was my husband's name. My maiden name was Mitchell. I call myself Melba, after the name of my native city, Melbourne. I never knew anything of sorrow until I got acquainted with my sweetheart: We would have starved to death if I had not been successful. I heard my voice praised so highly, that I concluded to go on the stage, but all my people were opposed to it. I did not despair however, and I did not give up my intentions.

My father was sent as an Australian delegate to the Parisian World's Fair, and took us all with him. Now think of it. I was conceited enough to go to Madame Marchesi. She thought my voice wonderful. She taught me; she was my first teacher, and the best in the world.

After awhile I had a repertoire of ten operas as the great day appeared. The first time on the stage, in an opera at Brussels, I did not know *Tannhauser*. In five days, or better to be said, five days and nights of exceedingly hard study, I was master of the role. And from that time on my success was made." The artist smiled sweetly. "My folks did not have any more objections."

We talked of this and that, when she suddenly arose and asked me, "Would you like to see my treasures, my jewels, etc.?"

I would be pleased to do so, I replied.

She opened a new room and turned on the electric light. What a beauty! One hundred and seventy-seven robes for the different roles of opera, and amongst them, the most costly one, that of *Tannhauser*, which was trimmed with pure gold lace and pearls. "It is not extremely high of price," she said. "Only 1200 francs."

The celebrated artist then promised she would write to me, and much pleased with her kindness and cordiality, I left the great singer.

Fred Held (Paris).

Major and Minor.

A celebrated celloist arrived in a little town where he knew that a concert would be highly appreciated.

The proprietor of the only hall in town, astonished, said: "I do not believe that you will have any success, because there was a contortionist here last week."

Art and Artist.

The performance of the opera, *lolanthe*, by Tschaikowsky, at Munich, was a great success.

A lady, whose name is not known, will have erected a Schumann monument at Leipsic.

THE MUSICAL NEWS

Boston Notes.

has left Boston for her summer vacation, presumably gone "a-cousining" to the mountains or country farms; or a sailing on the misty, moisty, briny deep, but most probably to the gay and festive beach.

She will return from her recreation soon, and once more

"Arise as in olden time Warm, energetic, and sublime, Have more of strength, diviner rage, Than all which charms this laggard age"—

as sang the exquisite but ill-fated bard, William Collins, over a hundred years ago.

At Keith's ideal vaudeville theatre, which seems at first glance to be a slice off the corner of fairy-land, one can always hear good music these summer days. A small orchestra consisting of members of 'our'. Boston Symphony, give choice selections several times daily. For the past fortnight, Albert L. Guille, the French tenor, has been charming music lovers. He is short and stout (alas! for an "operatic tenor!"), a pronounced artist to his finger-tips, with a magnetic personality, and intensity in dramatic action, a voice of marvelously sympathetic quality that never fails to arouse enthusiam. His accompaniments are played by the Symphony.

Albert Guille was born in the historic old town of Avignon, France, where he made his debut in *Lucia*, at which his father and blind mother "heard his marvelous voice for the first time" (writes an unwary reporter). His debut in Italian opera was made in Lisbon, in the Court Theatre of Don Louis, King of Portugal, where he sang *ll Trovatore*, and was recalled 31 times during the course of the opera.

He has been a royal favorite throughout Europe and came to America with Mme. Patti on the last one of her "farewell" tours, where your correspondent heard him, and divided the pleasure with Patti, at Exposition Hall, St. Louis.

Apropos of tenors, a London musical authority said of Jean de Reszki's singing, lately: "Ah, yes, one may not always admire his productions, — who is that, that always sings right? but he is such a great artist. Let us enjoy the artist!"

Mme. Marie Tavary, one of the greatest singers in America, will make her vaudeville debut at Keith's, the week beginning August 30th.

At Castle Square Theatre is always to be heard something good in light opera for 25 cents only! Hundreds of stay-at-homes, and pilgrims within our gates, make up fair audiences for each performance.

This theatre points a living, active moral to managerial magnates.

Given a superb play-house, an excellently equipped company, a finely mounted, well presented popular opera, large and appreciative audiences, smiling and satisfied at having gotten so much entertainment for so little, for what more can heart of manager sigh?

The New School of Methods in Public School Music, under the management of C. C. Birchard, is in operation at Hingham, Mass. 150 were in attendance opening day. The corps of instructors includes F. H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, of Boston; W. L. Tomlins, the great director, of Chicago; Mrs. Julia E. Crane, of Pottsdam, N. Y.; Mrs. Emma Thomas, of Detroit; Mrs. Louise Preece, an exponent of physical culture; Miss Gilbert, of New Bedford, in drawing and several lectures. The attendance is drawn from many distant States. The daily work consists of a "carefully systemized series of discussions of the fundamental principles and methods of public school music, in which care is taken to explain routine proceedings and at same time not to miss the higher ends which should be subserved in school music." One or more lectures are to be given by W. S. B. Mathews, Editor of Music Magazine, Chicago:

Church congregations, even the usually upto-time Boston ones, are beginning to show the evil effects of the do-nothing days of vacation.

We went to service in a wealthy, historic and handsome church, last Sabbath, where several other congregations have united for summer worship.

The several different music committees gave evidence of Yankee thrift, in doing without, not only the choir, but a precentor also, trying, instead to lead their several selves and the several flocks in singing. They demonstrated at the same time, the fact, that the regular service loses one-half of its beauty, interest and impressiveness, when shorn of the musical half.

This cultured audience came in tardily, somewhere along in the lines of the first verse, and as languidly tarried behind, evidently knowing and feeling there was no *special* hurry (now that the choir was away!) and the long August Sunday lay before them, and they would as likely as not reach the end of the five stanzas some time before sundown, anyhow!

Carl Faelten, formerly director of the N. E. Conservatory, will give the first concert of the "Carl Faelten Piano School," at Steinert Hall, September 14th. This will serve to introduce, formally, the new school, and also open Steinert Hall for the season.

I hear that this has been called in derision by Mr. Faelten's opposers, "The School for the Elite." Incidentally, too, on the other hand, his successor, Mr. Chadwick, does not pass unscathed. Some say that his always-open-to-criticism mannerisms have taken on an additional layer of uppishness since his recent promotion.

The "Leader" gives him a severe lash with its editorial whip. Still, methinks, he has something to be conceited about as the foremost song writer of this big and great country, as well as an acknowledged leader in the realm of harmony, and now the distinction of being at the head of the renowned N. E. Conservatory. No wonder his head is

"turned a bit." It will get well steadied and set in the new grove by the force of the critic's hammer, before long.

As a teacher of composition, his own pupil of former years, Horatio Parker, is by many considered a formidable, if friendly rival. Mr. Chadwick does not look it at all—that is, a great personage. He puts on 'no airs' in dress and walk, and the passer-by would ne'er suspect by his appearance who he was

But he *did* look real nice once, when he came in all the glory of evening dress, and patent leather slippered feet, to conduct a Handel and Haydn rehearsal in Mr. Lang's absence. What a mistake that he didn't keep that suit on! But he directed that great chorus magnificently. With his uncommonly quick ear, he seemed to know exactly which tenor it was (its always a tenor!) that didn't keep the pitch, and furthermore, he could get the basses out of the chaos of a chromatic run in the shortest order and most technical fashion of any conductor I had ever seen wield a baton.

Perhaps a few 'snap shots' of some of these renowned Boston musicians may not come amiss.

Of Carl Baermann, the splendid musician and *amiable*, I have told you in a previous letter.

B. J. Lang, director for a decade of the Apollo and Cecilia Societies, and of the Handel and Haydn for the past two years, is a musician and man of power here. He has been aptly and prettily styled the "King Bee of music in America" by our own St. Louis "King Bee" (Mr. H. M. B.), though the critics *did* say that he always beat one time for the chorus, and another for the orchestra! in the Handel and Haydn concerts!

Mr. Lang is a trim, shrewd, intelligent, fine appearing man of sixty, about. He looks not unlike Thomas C. Platt, politician. He belongs to the 'smart' set, and is much admired and respected by many of the younger American professionals here, whom he 'dun bring up by han',' I expect.

His studio, opposite the Common, in Chickering building, shows his exact, orderly nature. On its walls are several fine water colors, and many curios are scattered about, not the least of which is, on his outer reception door, a bronze head of a griffin, with great open mouth, ready to devour the mail matter emptied into it!

In striking contrast to the above, is the studio of Ernst Perabo, opposite the State House, on Beacon Hill. Mr. Perabo has been a prominent teacher here for the past 25 years. He ushers one with a sincere and courtly hospitality, into a studio literally full of interest, and full of everything else, too, in the way of magazines, books, music, pictures, photos, papers, sketches, letters, etc. The mantels, desk, table, chairs, corners, the Chickering Grand,—all are full! He unloaded a chair for me, the while he apologized for the appearance of this delicious artistic tangled room, and as he skipped over 'things' to get at the

piano to play, he rapidly gave the stool an undressing, and I was not wholly unprepared to find the very key-board required a shoveling off, also, before he could begin his charming playing.

Mr. Perabo is tall, slender, pale, of a retiring, intense nature. He is not only a musician of high order, but a scholar, and deep thinker, keenly alive to the weighty questions of the day in social and political economics. He would have made a purposeful and scrupulous statesman.

Vehement in conversation, with a ready and fluent vocabulary, one terse, beautiful simile follows close upon another, making his conversation almost as interesting as his playing. One feels on leaving, that the world would be all the better for having more of such loftyminded men in it. Mr. Perabo's occasional musical and other articles in Boston's pet paper, the "Evening Transcript," have been much admired and quoted.

In the next "Echoes," I hope to give snapshots of Arthur Foote, Max Heinrich, Horatio Parker, etc., before the musical doings are in full blast. CHARLES BANK.

* * *

German Dramatic Club.

Some time ago a call appeared in all the St. Louis German newspapers, asking that everybody who would be interested in a German dramatic club, meet at Pascall's Hall, 2736 South Ninth Street, Monday, August 23. At the appointed date a large and enthusiastic number of ladics and gentlemen organized the "Deutsch-Dramatischer Club," with temporary officers as follows: Mr. F. Pascall and Mr. Win, Marcolin. That German circles in this city are highly interested goes without saying. At the next meeting held at the above mentioned hall, Sunday, August 29th, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Chas. Kirchucr; Vice-President, Mr. Henry Foerster; Secretary, Mr. W. Marcolin; Treasurer, Mr. Albert Hintze; Stage Director, Mr. F. Pascall, and a committee of three members, Messrs Marcolin, Munter and Vorschimmer, was chosen to frame and formulate such laws and regulations as they should deem necessary for the welfare of the society.

The Musical News congratulates its German friends interested in this society, and wishes them great success. We shall be glad to keep our readers advised on future movements of the club.

OUR MUSIC.

"WHEN LOVE IS KIND," the song published in this number, is an old English folk song, simple but effective. It was used as an encore song by Mme. Nordica during her last engagement.

"PARTING" is a refined piece of music which will not fail to touch the soul if played with the necessary

"THE BOLERO," a Spanish dance, by E. Heuser, is easy to play, and has a very sweet melody in its middle part.

TEA AND ART.

In some of the London newspapers appears an advertisement which promises a free mandolin or violin lesson with every pound of tea. As the pound of tea only costs two shillings, there will be many lovers of music who are poor and who will try to sell a pound of tea to get another free lesson.

The art goes after — tea!

Old Violins.

There are old violins with names of excellent violin makers, as Amati Stradivarius, etc. stamped on the inside sounding-board. The owners of such instruments are proud of the age of their violins, and they take great care of them and watch them auxiously, although they are of a poor grade. The famous French violin-maker, J. B. Vuillaume, made a specialty of imitating the sound of the genuine old violin, and as he was a master in his art, he deceived the buying public with these frauds, and obtained a considerable amount of money.

To estimate a violin with above mentioned stamped names is very difficult, because the imitations are almost perfect. The swindlers hunt for some old yellowed paper, and write the masters' name with chinese ink; then they rub the paper slips a little and it looks old. Many Cellos Granigino are on the market with Amati's name, and many violins of Bergonzi or Guadaguini go under the name of

The name of poor Stainer, especially, is often misused. He has lived a tragic life. Born in Absam Tirol, he was taught violinmaking in Italy. At the age of 20 years he returned home and made instruments for six gulden, or two dollars. He was honored by the Austrian emperor with a high title, but this did not keep him from need and distress; he became poorer every day until he became

There are many genuine old violins spoiled by experts, who think the top too thick and take off some wood from the inside; the instrument sounds easier, but had lost its power and beauty of tone.

Another way to ruin an old violin is to varnish or polish it over. It loses the original look, and also the tone. The thicker and harder the varnish, the uglier the sound.

Up to the year 1800 a "Stainer" violin was the most expensive.

Paganini played a wonderful violin by Guarnerius, which since the death of this virtuoso is kept in the museum of Genoa. Do you know how Paginini secured possession of this violin? Once he was engaged for a concert by a prominent French merchant, Livron, who loaned him a fine violin. At the time he intended to return the instrument Livron exclaimed: "I will never take back the violin that your fingers have touched. This instrument is yours." So the name of Guarnerius has a world-wide reputation, and his violins are highly estimated. At one time many violins of this master were found in Italian churches and monasteries and not in the hands of experts, which show three periods of his work. That of Paganini is one of the large ones, and of the last period of Guarnerius. The virtuoso called it "my cannon."

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CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT MUSIC.

They were Stated Last Evening in a Lecture by Dr. H. A. Clarke

The members of the Eastern Summer School of the American Institute of Formal Methods, enjoyed last evening the lecture given by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, on "The Classic Period of Music." Like the preceding lectures of the course, this talk was illustrated by interesting specimens of the popular music of the time, both instrumental and vocal. The outburst of laughter which greeted the playing of some of the "show pieces" which were in the repertory of every accomplished young lady of the seventeenth century, showed forcibly what tremendous strides music has taken since that time.

One of the most interesting numbers was a iwo-part madrigal, composed by Mawley, of Queen Elizabeth's Court, entitled "Go Ye, My Cazonets, to My Dear Darling." A five-part madrigal by the same author, entitled "Now is the Month of May," aroused great interest, as it was carefully performed according to the peculiar method in which old-time madrigals were sung; each verse being first sung as loudly as the singers powers would permit, and then repeated softly. The sacred music of the time was represented by a threepart motet, the author of which is unknown. In this selection, also, the difference between the music of the classical period and modern music was strongly emphasized by the curious successions and combinations which are utterly foreign to modern music.

The lecturer dwelt upon the fact that in ancient vocal music the idea of approximating the music to the words was never considered. The words were used simply as a peg upon which to hang their elaborate musical contrivances-without reference to appropriateness. So far was this absurdity carried that one man set the whole Acts of the Apostles to music, and as great musician as Palestrina, wrote an elaborate motet on the words, "Here beginneth the third chapter of the book of Jeremiah."

Music was really then in its infancy. It was not until the eighteenth century that national character in music began to exhibit itself. This change was brought about largely by the influence of the folk song, in which the music was made to express as perfectly as possible, the sentiment of the words. Another great impulse in this direction was given by the invention of the opera. Out of this, however, grew the feeling that it was in the power of music to express anything and everything—a false theory that has led to many

In the course of his description of the work and methods of the noted contrapuntists, the lecturer announced his belief, which may seem heretical to some musicians—that parallel fifths may be used wherever they are not offensive to the ear, and that other similar rules of harmony may be broken, citing instances where they have been contravened by the greatest composers. He announced emphatically that music is not properly a science, but an art, and as such, much higher than a science.

The next lecture in this interesting series will be given on Monday evening in Sleeper Hall, at the New England Conservatory of Music, the topic being "The Growth of Instrumental Music; Form in Music."

Important News.

The Philharmonic Society of New York has accepted the Brahms' Concerto for Ysaye's re-entree in America. He will also play one other piece which has not yet been decided upon.

The business already arranged for this great artist exceeds the most sanguine expectations of his managers. He arrives on November 7th, and it is said that the musicians, especially the violinists of New York City, are already arranging to meet him at the dock upon the arrival of the steamship, to give him a genuine American welcome.

Accompanying Ysaye will be the celebrated violoncellist, Gerardy; also, the great favorite basso, Plancon, and the eminent French pianist, Pugno; the latter quite unknown in America.—Musical Courier (N. Y)

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